



Justice



4 0 2

Chapter 1 by Chris

The weight of the magistrate's silence felt like gravity on Jupiter. Or maybe it felt like being at the bottom of the sea. Hymé had never experienced either situation, but he was sure it must feel similar. Every pore on his body seemed to simultaneously squeeze out a hidden reservoir of sweat, some tiny droplets that hadn't been forced out during the past two hours of nerve-wracking proceedings, as he waited for the verdict. The magistrate seemed to move in slow motion as he straightened his prodigious stack of papers, adjusted his glasses, and finally began to speak through his dry, beady mouth.

With an astoundingly crisp, clear voice lacking any hint of empathy, he announced, "This court has found Hymé Jallistre guilty for all charges set against his person. The punishment will include three corporeal whippings at the county post and sixty-five gold, or seven years in prison should the defendant be unable to submit the requisite funds within one week's time. Courtroom adjourned."

Every part of Hymé's body reacted at once.

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